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The Reg Bestie

Vol. 48 No. 3

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN LAW SCHOOL

October 3, 1997

TECH WARS

Law School Computer Lab to
move closer to the 21st Century

By Josh Turner
RG Contributing Editor

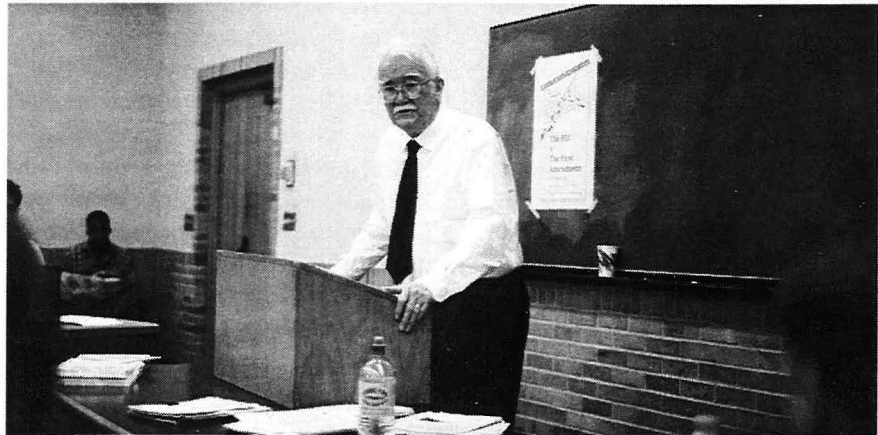
Anyone who has used the computer resources in Room 200 knows that there is a problem both with the quantity and quality of machines available for student use at the Law School. This situation has existed for some time now, but it has been exacerbated by recent developments both in the general field of law and at the MLS specifically. Fortunately, it appears that a short-term solution is in the works, and that students can expect to see the addition of twenty-five new, modern computers in the lab by the end of the semester.

Earlier this year, two events combined to put a new strain on the MLS computer lab. The first was the decision by the Office of Career Services to put the updated employer interview schedule on the World Wide Web; the second was a new policy which moved publication of the *Docket* from paper to e-mail. Both of these decisions were motivated by the desire to speed up student access to these documents, and to reduce the amount of paper waste generated by the MLS. How-

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Former civil rights activist and FBI target Frank Wilkinson warns students of the threat to personal liberties posed by unbounded federal investigatory power.

THE FBI V. THE 1ST AMENDMENT

By Chris Newman
Special to the RG

America has ambivalent feelings about the FBI. Movies like *Mississippi Burning* and *Silence of the Lambs* depict the feds as supercops in white hats, charging in to protect us when the local law enforcement is either too bigoted or too parochial to get the job done. These are good stories, but they are complemented by other, darker ones.

Ranging from the harassment of civil rights activists to Vicki Weaver's death by sniper fire, these other stories have managed to create agreement among people of vastly differing ideologies on one thing: that the FBI is an organization with a dangerous lack of respect for the rights of the people it is supposed to be protecting.

In his September 29 talk hosted by the National Lawyers Guild, Frank Wilkinson provided vivid testimony as to the threat to constitutional liberties posed when vast resources for investigation and coercion are placed in the hands of a central agency and then shielded from public scrutiny by doctrines of "national se-

curity."

Telling his story in episodic anecdotes, Mr. Wilkinson did not come across as a dangerous subversive. As the FBI admitted in 1974, he does not exhibit "the willingness or capability of engaging in acts which would significantly interfere with or be a threat to the survival and effective operation of our national government." While Wilkinson wryly takes issue with the part about "capability," his voice resonates with undimmed incredulity as he tells about the 132,000 pages of data the FBI gathered about him over the course of nearly four decades of surveillance.

This man who came to be listed on ADEX—the FBI's list of individuals to be interned in case of an "Internal Security Emergency"—had started out as head of that inveterate hot-bed of radicalism, the Beverly Hills High chapter of "Youth for Herbert Hoover." It was a different Hoover who was to loom large in Wilkinson's life, however. He first made J. Edgar's list of security risks in the 40's, when his work promoting integrated pub-

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WILKINSON

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lic housing gained national attention. When he was called before California's "little HUAC" committee in 1952 and asked to name every organization he had belonged to since 1931, he refused and was removed from his job with the L.A. Housing Authority.

After this, Wilkinson became one of the leaders of a national effort to abolish HUAC, and was finally jailed when he chose as a matter of principle to base his refusal to answer questions on the First Amendment rather than the Fifth. Years later, Wilkinson was to discover through FOIA requests that the chief witness used against him had been designated in an internal FBI document as an "emotionally unstable and unreliable" witness.

Even more disturbing was the revelation that there had been an FBI plan to assassinate him. Though the plot had taken place 19 years before, the government insisted that "national security" made it impossible to reveal the details. Based on information published in a po-

litical memoir, Wilkinson believes that the operation was to have been supervised by future LAPD chief Daryl Gates. This is the penalty he nearly paid for exercising his First Amendment right to peaceably espouse his political beliefs.

Nor is Wilkinson alone. A million Americans were under surveillance during Hoover's reign, with no evidence of criminal activity. According to Wilkinson, 50% of the FBI budget was used for political rather than criminal investigations. He also recounted the testimony of an FBI operative who estimated that his trainees had committed 25,000 burglaries without being caught. Though President Ford issued guidelines intended to curb FBI violation of civil liberties, these were superseded under Reagan by guidelines whose contents remain classified.

Today the hunt for communists has been replaced by the hunt for terrorists. Wilkinson outlined some of the provisions of the recent Anti-Terrorism and Effective Death Penalty Act, which gives the FBI additional power to prosecute people for engaging in activities protected by the First Amendment. U.S. citizens can be

subjected to a \$50,000 fine and 10 years in jail for making a monetary contribution to an organization the government has designated as "terrorist." This is true even if the contribution is wholly humanitarian, as in the case of Irish-Americans supporting orphanages for children of deceased IRA members.

The list of "terrorist organizations" also makes interesting reading—Wilkinson's personal favorite entry is that well-known murderous cabal, the Baltimore-based Sisters of Mercy.

Legally present non-citizens can, if accused under this bill, be detained without bail and denied the right to cross-examine witnesses. Why, Wilkinson wants to know, with all we know about the FBI's past, with Waco and Ruby Ridge in recent memory, is Congress giving the FBI 400 million dollars to enforce this bill without requiring any additional training? Why did Clinton, after initially endorsing it, kill a bill that would have prohibited investigation of First Amendment activities without evidence of criminal activity?

Good questions, indeed.



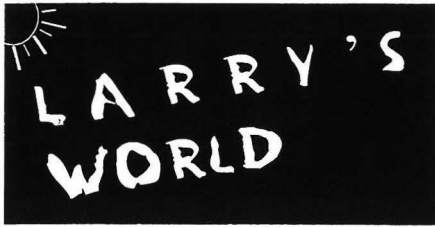
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ABLE will be interviewing at the University of Michigan Law School on October 17th, seeking applicants for 1998 Summer Law Clerk positions with its Migrant Farmworker Program. Law Clerks will assist attorneys and paralegals in representing farmworkers in Northwest Ohio through outreach to labor camps, assistance with wage, housing, and benefit problems, investigation, and research. Fluency in Spanish is highly preferred. ABLE is an Equal Opportunity Employer.

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**The New York office
will be visiting
the University of Michigan
on
Monday, October 20, 1997
to conduct interviews
with
second and third year
students.**



By Larry Sager,
RG Contributing Editor

"It's all fun and games until someone loses an eye." After a few "unfortunate incidents" between students and on-campus-interviewers, Career Services has instituted the ancient Roman "no eye gouging" rule. Students beware: any eye gouging "will lead to an immediate end to the interview in progress." Actually poking someone's eye out will lead to "disqualification from all future interviews."

"I ain't ridin' no stinkin' donkey." Fear of flying? And you have callbacks in New York and D.C.?

Worried about logging thousands of miles, thousands of feet up, flying in a tin can? Well, more people are killed annually by donkeys than die in air crashes. That's right, and perhaps this explains the lack of on-campus interviewers from South American

law firms. Of course, these donkey killings may decrease as animal rights activists attempt to ban the traditional South American "Running of the Donkeys" through the streets of Buenos Aires, when many of the fatalities occur.

More animal news. Certain frogs can be frozen solid, then thawed, and continue living. Big deal, so were some of my college professors. Collateral frog issue: After eating, must a frog wait one hour before getting out of the water?

Feeling depressed? Law school got you down? How about this: a pig's orgasm lasts for 30 minutes. (How do they know that?) And yours?

Just say noooooooooooooo. Marv, Marv, Marv... When you decided to fight this, just what were you thinking? "More than I wanted to know," says Judy Mann.

What's most pathetic: the "analysis"

of various "experts" commenting on Marv's fiancée, who remained at his side throughout the ordeal. E.g., an anthropologist commented that the "Darwinian explanation for this—women are extremely interested in a man's resources, and a man is interested in who rears their babies." And what was that exact cite to *THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES*? Of course, some good self-defense advice for women here: in case of an assault, pull off your attacker's toupee.

In other panty clad (not that there's anything wrong with that) **news...** From the FBI archives, it's more J. Edgar Hoover exploits. After 14 years of legal battles, the FBI released its secret files regarding its surveillance of John Lennon in the 1970s. Attorney Dan Mamelefsky described the FBI activities as demonstrating "widespread violation of the law." Meanwhile, the FBI is still withholding some material. "This case raises profound questions," commented co-lead counsel

involved in the planning of an illegal act, or engaged in any illegal act, however, he did encourage people to register to vote. Not to bother with such details, Lennon was ordered deported. On the advice of his lawyers, to improve his chances to avoid deportation, he ceased his anti-war activities.

While spying on Lennon, the FBI reported that Yoko Ono "can't even remain on key," and that John's songs were not up to his "usual standards." So, the government tramples the constitution, spends thousands of hours and millions of dollars to find out what any poor shmuck would figure out by paying \$4.50 for a Plastic Ono Band disc. Another highlight of the report: a talking parrot, trained to say "right on" during heated political discussions.

I once spent countless tape recorded hours trying to get my parakeet to say, "No Coke, Pepsi," and "Cheeseburger, cheeseburger, cheeseburger." After weeks of no results from the parakeet, I finally fed it to the cat.

Merton Hanks knows how to really look goofy. Speaking of which, Ronald McDonald was hospitalized over the weekend, injured while passing out leaflets and picketing a local Blockbuster video outlet. Three unidentified men jumped

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for the ACLU (and Michigan professor) Mark Rosenbaum, "about the day-to-day application of FOIA [Freedom Of Information Act]."

Perhaps reeling from the rebuff at a 1963 audition to be the fifth Beatle, J. Edgar (and his Nixon-era cronies) tried to find a way to silence John Lennon as a spokesperson for the peace movement, and for opposing the Vietnam War. (Hoover also claimed that playing the lyrics to "Love Me Do" backwards became "Let's off the pigs.") The FBI documents also describe unsuccessful attempts made by the NYPD to arrest Lennon on drug charges.

Not-dead-then-either Senator Strom Thurmond sent a December 1972 memorandum to then attorney general John Mitchell suggesting that the government deport Lennon. Lennon was never in-

Ronald, and viciously beat him with four-foot-long salamis. Police happened upon the woozy McDonald, and arrested him for public drunkenness.

Guys blowing stuff. It's nice to see the law school hiring these guys with the leaf blowers. First, one guy blows dirt and leaves from one area to the next. Then his buddy comes by and blows it back. It's fantastic. The dynamics of leaf blowing as applied in my neighborhood, once a single household hires a leaf-blowing guy, everyone up and down the block has to do it too. Although the decibel level is excruciating, recycling dirt and leaves is environmentally sound. All future attorneys should appreciate this self-perpetuating system ensuring job security, modeled after the U.S. criminal justice sys-

The RG Presents: Ann Arbor's Restaurants...

By Rachel F. Preiser
RG Contributing Editor

Our crack reporter Rachel Preiser delves into the seedy and perilous underworld of the Ann Arbor culinary scene with a quick glance at several local restaurants . . .

Casablanca, House of Shahrayar (330 Maynard): This dim, spacious Middle Eastern Café could easily become your favorite restaurant in Ann Arbor. The service is prompt and friendly, without being overbearing. For lunch, there's a refreshing, lemony salad called Fattoush (\$4.95) and a wide range of basic Middle Eastern specialties including classics like falafel (\$3.95) and chicken shawarma. Dinner is even more delightful here, though slightly more pricy. The best dish on the menu may be a savory medley of eggplant, tomatoes, onion, chickpeas, and pine nuts mixed with beef and served over rice called Maghmour Bi Lahmeh. Almost everything tastes fresh and authentic—it's hard to go wrong.

The Moveable Feast (326 West Liberty): When your parents come to visit, take them here. Or, better yet, make them take you! Expect \$40 per person for a full meal including wine and dessert, but rest assured that it's money well-spent. Located in a renovated, three-story Victorian house (completed this past June), the restaurant is both elegant and quaint. The rooms are comfortable, and the service is attentive. The food, an original mix of pan-American cooking with a distinctly French twist, is exquisite—quite possibly the best in town. Grilled swordfish served with Mexican rice and Halibut in a coriander sauce with asparagus are particularly excellent. All the dishes are served with an array of innovative and delectable garnishes. A perfect venue for special occasions and celebrations.

Zanzibar (216 South State Street): The ambiance in this pan-Tropical eatery is airy, colorful, and pleasantly eclectic. But the nifty decor doesn't quite make up for the truly mediocre cuisine to be found

here. Although the dishes on the menu range from Malaysian to Mexican, what the food offers in variety it takes away by virtue of its general lack of subtlety. Fish sauce is the dominant flavor of the Southeast Asian part of the menu, so you'll want to give that a swing and a miss. With so many excellent and exotic restaurants to choose from, why go here?

Fleetwood Diner (300 South Ashley): Diner food, par excellence! Tasty omelets abound, and they're ready in a snap at this lovable dump. For breakfast food any time of the night or day—24 hours, 7 days a week—this is the place. Order a special breakfast, or make your own combos from a wide array of side dishes. Although the home fries are lackluster, the savory sausage is a must for meat-eaters. Also, in traditional diner fashion, the food is blissfully affordable.

[See the next issue for Part II of Rachel's culinary adventure, as she ventures to Shalimar, Seva, and Grazzi]



TECH WARS

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ever, problems quickly developed.

Students found that the computers in Room 200 were incapable of loading Netscape in a reasonable time (the average load time on the 486/33s in the computer lab hovered around five minutes), and that these machines were prone to crashing while trying to load the Law School's web page. Moreover, the small number of machines available for student use led to long lines, making it next to impossible to check for the e-mail *Docket* during brief breaks between classes. The lines, of course, only increased when interviewing season began, as computers were moved out of room 200 to make way for employers who come to campus to meet with 2- and 3Ls. The problem became so severe that the plan to put the *Docket* exclusively on electronic media was put on hold indefinitely.

Finally, more and more resources in

the legal field are migrating to the WWW. For example, reviewing a firm's web site has become de rigueur before going to an interview. The most cutting edge of these sites use streaming video and audio, frames, millions of colors, and other innovations. The computer lab machines, however, are incapable of displaying these pages as they were intended to be seen. The Gateway 486s display only sixteen colors, for instance, which means that web sites can often look washed out or even completely illegible.

Students with computers at home were, to some extent, able to avoid the problems with the new policies. However, those who commute or have busy class schedules obviously cannot go home during the day to check their e-mail. Furthermore, the dial-in service offered by U of M is notoriously unreliable; although it has improved substantially in recent years, crashes still plague the system occasionally.

Motivated by these concerns, two

2Ls, Paul Luongo and the author, met with Dean Lehman and Neal Plotkin to discuss possible solutions. Both men were very receptive to student concerns; each seemed surprised and disappointed that the situation had gotten as bad as it has. In the short term, the Law School has committed to ordering twenty-five new computers for the lab. Twenty of those will be Pentium-equipped IBM compatibles, and the other five will be newer Macintoshes. These machines will be in addition to those already in the lab, although many of the older machines will probably be converted to e-mail only stations.

Unfortunately, a migration to either Windows 95 or NT 4.0 is not currently part of the plan, so students shouldn't throw away their copy of *Win 3.1 for Dummies* quite yet. A definite timetable has yet to be established for the purchase and installation of these units, although

and One of A²'s FINEST Drinking Establishments

By Eric Fuller,
RG Contributing Editor

Sitting at home during our far-too-short break (yes, I'm a summer starter), I was pondering the meaning of my summer in Ann Arbor and my first semester studying law at this hallowed institution of knowledge, and I came to several conclusions. Mainly that it was mighty cool to be a summer starter, and that we were clearly superior to the other students. Just kidding, what kind of summer starter would ever think that?

No, what I realized was that I had spent my summer doing almost nothing but studying. (Along with hanging out in seedy places until way too late at night, sunning myself in the quad for hours like a sea lion on prescription strength sedatives, and, of course, watching our intramural softball team kick some booty). I decided that I had to do more . . . get involved . . . do the extracurricular thing. So I decided I'd like to try writing for this very learned publication, and for my very first assignment they told me to do a review piece on a local drinking establishment.

This, I think to myself, I can do.

I'm being ordered to drink beer. Very cool. I am highly trained for this. Plus, it's probably the closest I will ever get to something as impressive sounding as a "bar review."

I decided to start with Mitch's Place (1301 South University - 665-2650), which is arguably the quintessential law school hangout experience. I must have been there a dozen times over the summer, but being a diligent researcher, I grabbed some research companions and headed there to watch the Cowboys and Eagles play Monday Night Football.

Let me just say up front that I wrote this article a day after having a big warm fuzzy for Mitch's, so I can't exactly be objective. I watched my beloved Cowboys win an ugly game in one of the strangest endings I ever saw. We had a great conversation with a wonderful wait-



Mitch's, in all of its glory, at night, with people in it, and neon lights and stuff.

ress named Heather (who, by the way, wants to go to law school—easy conversational ice breaker there). Plus, when I told one of the general managers, a very cool guy named John Whitmore, that I was writing this story, he gave us a free pitcher! Basically, I was bought. So much for objective and ethical journalism.

I'll start with the negatives. The biggest problem with Mitch's is probably the ambiance. There isn't any. This is not the place for a romantic date. The decor consists of extremely hard benches spray-painted an attractive black color. Then again, law students may feel right at home sitting on uncomfortable wooden seating for hours at a time.

Another problem for the sports fans is the lack of any big screen TV's. In fact, there are not even enough small screens. However, this could be considered a good thing, because everyone tends to hit Touchdowns or Scorekeepers to watch the games, leaving Mitch's almost deserted. For those who like a smaller crowd to watch Monday Night Football, Mitch's is definitely the place. It was practically empty last Monday night, and there is never a cover on Mondays.

No matter how much law students love to gripe about Mitch's, there are many reasons to recommend it. The best things about the place, in my humble opinion, are the extremely decent drink prices and specials, and the very friendly

staff. (They did buy me a pitcher, after all!) Pitchers are four bucks most nights, but on Wednesdays, pitchers can be had for a measly \$2.00. On Fridays, several bottled brands of your favorite domestic and imported brews can be had for two dollars or less.

The staff really is very friendly (have I said that before?), at least when the place isn't too packed. They are very serious about keeping out the under-21 crowd, so if that is you, you're plum out of luck. The staff is proud to say that they specifically cater to law students, as well as to other graduate students. It's definitely a somewhat older crowd. They are also rather proud of the fact that the place is kept really clean. They claim to clean for two hours every night before opening. I don't know if that's true or not, but I do know that unlike some other places, I have never had to step over someone's regurgitated dinner on the way to the bathroom at Mitch's.

Tuesdays and Fridays are the biggest and busiest nights at Mitch's. Every Tuesday, a one-man act performs, a guy named Jerry Sprague. I have never seen his act, but apparently it is worth the \$2.00 cover to go see him. By the way, if you are shopping for members of the opposite sex, the staff told me Tuesday, Friday and Saturday nights are your best bets. For you

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MOVIE REVIEW

The Game Ain't Lame

By Chris Butler,
RG Contributing Editor

Nicholas Van Orton (Michael Douglas) is a powerful, wealthy man who controls every aspect of his life down to the most minute detail. What would happen, then, if that order was suddenly turned upside down by a simple game that rearranged all the rules by which his life operates? This is the premise of "The Game," an exciting new film directed by David Fincher ("Seven" and "Alien³"). The game in question begins soon after Nicholas' brother Conrad (Sean Penn), a rehab veteran who apparently has squandered his part of the family fortune, presents Nicholas with his birthday present, a gift certificate for a company called CRS (Consumer Recreation Services), and tells him simply that it's for a "game."

I won't reveal any of the many twists and turns of the movie beyond this point. I will say, however, that the film is genuinely convincing and exciting in the way it depicts how Van Orton gradually comes to realize that a mysterious corporation, (CRS) has wrested control over his life and may want to see him killed.

With this film the fall movie season properly begins, and we will soon be beset by films that depend less on explosions than on such hoary old concepts as plot and character development. (Not that I didn't enjoy "Warriors of Destiny" and "Good Burger" just as much as the next guy). As the linchpin of the film, Douglas finely conveys his character's transition from an aloof and snobbish big shot investment banker into

With this film the fall movie season properly begins, and we will soon be beset by films that depend less on explosions than on such hoary old concepts as plot and character development. (Not that I didn't enjoy "Warriors of Destiny" and "Good Burger" just as much as the next guy).

a more well-rounded and sympathetic human being. Instead of having to conquer ice-pick wielding lesbians or insanely jealous rabbit killers, his character here must deal with his own past, the challenge of The Game, and, of course, the people shooting at him.

The film moves at a somewhat leisurely pace with many peaks and valleys, but it is always interesting. We're never quite sure just when the "game" will resume again. The only real problem I had with the film was the ending. It doesn't satisfactorily tie together all the movie's loose ends and left me with somewhat of an empty feeling, especially considering all the excitement that came before it. Of course, I'm plenty used to empty feelings so it didn't bother me too much. This movie is well worth seeing on the big screen, and I would definitely recommend it if you need a break from studying or the mundane tragedy of your daily life. (Oops, that last one's just for me. Sorry.)

Chris Butler spent three years as an assistant editor at Adult Video News. This is his first review for the RG.



THREE SECOND MEMORY

By Bruce Manning,
RG Contributing Editor

When I meet people outside the Law School here in Ann Arbor, I tell them that I'm a USC fan and that I'm doing my graduate studies in Kinesiology. Why? Let me tell you a story . . .

In August, I rented a very long and fat truck with a trailer for my car. The truck, with a maximum speed of about 53 miles an hour (eight miles per hour above the suggested speed with trailer), said "America's Moving Adventure" on the side.

I moved all of my material possessions, plus my car, precariously perched on the trailer, which I could only occasionally see from the side mirror and which was helpfully labeled "Do not jack-knife." Yes, America, or at least the parts that had to share the highway with me, must certainly have had an adventure — I could barely control the beast.

I arrived here with one great concern about Ann Arbor: the Michigan fans. If you are not from Michigan, it is extremely hard to root for Michigan. To my ears there is nothing more grating than "The Victors." The store on State Street that just sells Michigan stuff, two levels of Michigan stuff, so maize and so blue, said to me that until I could stop smirking at Chris Webber's extra time-out, I'd never quite fit in here. I was worried.

I pulled the U-Haul into the U-Haul lot and this tall guy with a pony-tail showed up to unlatch the trailer and free my car so I could go unload my stuff at my apartment. We talked. He was very friendly. I told him I came in from Minneapolis. He told me his brother had just moved to Minneapolis. We talked about Norwegians, snow and 3M.

He finished unhooking the car and wiped his hands on his coveralls and smiled. I smiled. We talked some more — about foreign food, small towns, and where I could buy a kitchen table. We gratuitously insulted the frenetic lifestyle of New Yorkers. We examined my car and talked about high octane fuel. I'm talking serious male bonding. But I was uneasy.

I was worried. . . Men, when they talk with other men, will eventually talk about athletics, and then what would I say?!!

Men, when they talk with other men, will eventually talk about athletics and then what, what would I say?!? Desperately, I brought up power tools, lawn equipment, bowling and happy hours. He talked about grilling burgers, local beers, concrete and speed limits. I was really liking this guy.

And then . . . a slight pause in the conversation. And the moment I dreaded had arrived! "So," he said, innocently enough, "whaddya make of Michigan's chances this year?"

Beat.

"Umm, actually, I . . . uh . . . well . . . that is . . . I root for USC."

"S'Okay," he said, smiling, "We can't all be Wolverines."

I exhaled, everything was cool now. We smiled. And talked about how much we hated Notre Dame, and how much we liked sitting on the porch in the summer, and a little bit more about Black and Decker products.

And then, innocently enough, he said, "What brings you to Ann Arbor?" And I replied, "Law School." And he said, "Oh . . ." and began slowly backing away from me. "Well . . . 'bye!" he shouted, and made a bolt for his office.



MITCH'S

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cigar lovers who want to indulge in your disgusting habit, Mitch's also has a cigar night every Thursday. For those of you who enjoy breathing, this might be the night to stay away.

My personal favorite thing about Mitch's would have to be the men's room. It is one of those cool places that always keeps the sport pages posted above the urinals, so you always have something to read while taking care of business. Plus, when you exit the bathroom, notice the big poster size advertisement for Lite Ice on the wall to your left. Wow! Person-

ally, I think that picture alone is worth the buck or two to get into the place.

Now — the general information. Mitch's Place opened in fall of 1993. Yes, the owner really is a guy named Mitch Savas, a gentleman who lives in Florida and lets his son-in-law run the place. The bar is open from 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. every day except Sunday. It has a capacity of 200 people, but rarely gets anywhere near that crowded. Here's one piece of information not too many people know - they do serve food there. Most people just go to drink and hang out, but as long as the kitchen hasn't closed for the night, you can procure a fine selection of the usual bar type

munchies!

I asked the staff why they think people should go to Mitch's, and my new friend Heather said, "Mitch's feels like home. It's kind of 'Cheers'-ish." I don't know if I would go quite that far, but I think Mitch's Place is definitely worth a visit or three. If only to see the lady in the Lite Ice poster. Mitch's, man. (This is an obscure movie reference - do you get it?).

On a scale of 1 to 10 pitchers, I give Mitch's a very respectable 7 pitchers.



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CAN YOU SEE THE REAL ME ME ME ME ME . . .

By Sanjeev Date,
RG Contributing Editor

The ageless rock act, The Who, marked their stateside return this past summer by taking their celebrated album *Quadrophenia* on a tour that was 24 years overdue. The lesser known of the two major thematic works featuring the genius of guitarist and lead writer Pete Townshend (*Tommy* is much more well-known and overblown), *Quadrophenia* was the centerpiece of a twenty city tour of the eastern half of the United States. From mid-July to late-August, The Who played to sellout crowds, although in smaller venues than during their hugely lucrative 1989 tour. The shows were similar to the 1996 *Quadrophenia* shows, which marked The Who's return from a seven year touring hiatus. This year's *Quad* featured a leaner band and a new and improved Townshend who has re-emerged as an electric guitar virtuoso.

The Who began in London in 1964. Their first singles were hits in England, but the band remained relatively unknown in the United States. It wasn't until they toured the States in support of Herman's Hermits in 1967, along with their smash single "I Can See for Miles," that the Who gained the support in the States that they had in their mother country.

Years of guitar and hotel destruction left the band heavily in debt throughout the late sixties. Despite their popularity, The Who was not a lucrative enterprise. That is, until *Tommy*. The hugely selling concept album about a 'deaf, dumb and blind kid' took The Who out of the red, and established them as true superstars. The next few years saw The Who produce some of the finest albums ever made. *Live at Leeds* is unquestionably one of the best live albums ever recorded. The popular *Who's Next*, featuring "Won't Get Fooled Again" and "Behind Blue Eyes" is widely regarded as the third or fourth best studio album ever released.

Then came *Quadrophenia*. On the heels of *Who's Next*, *Quad* was originally not well received by audiences who longed for their favorites from *Tommy*. *Quad* was also a much more difficult album to play on the road, which resulted in The Who scrapping the songs from *Quad* in favor of sure-fire winners like "Pinball Wizard." However, when The Who reformed in 1996 to play a benefit concert in London, the seeds were planted for the hugely successful tours that were to follow.

The 1997 *Quad* tour was the best The Who have sounded since the passing of drummer Keith Moon in 1978. The shows

featured *Quadrophenia* in its entirety, with guest stars singing the parts of the Bell Boy (in the song of the same name) and the Godfather (in "The Punk Meets the Godfather"). Townshend began the show playing electric guitar on "The Real Me," then alternated between acoustic and electric for much of the show. The song "5:15" was a roof-raiser, with Townshend unleashing a series of windmills, and bassist John Entwistle thundering through an impressive bass solo. Through it all, singer Roger Daltrey was in fine voice.

Quadrophenia ended with "Love, Reign O'er Me," which featured one of Townshend's best solos of the night. What followed was an encore of six songs, featuring "Magic Bus," "Behind Blue Eyes," and an acoustic "Won't Get Fooled Again." Next came "Substitute," "I Can't Explain," and "Who Are You," all featuring Townshend at his most loud and heavy.

All told, this was a much better tour than the 1989 tour, mostly because Townshend has rediscovered the electric guitar and powerful windmills and solos. For those of you who missed it, don't despair. Knowing The Who, it won't be long until they reunite again for one final "farewell" tour.



TECH WARS

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Neal Plotkin hopes that the machines will arrive within the month. Installation, though, may be delayed until the end of interviewing season. Also, there are tentative plans to install several e-mail only machines in the lounge near the Pendaflexes, which should reduce foot traffic near room 200 somewhat, and increase accessibility for students who merely wish to quickly check their mail.

Longer term fixes are under consideration, as well. The current machines in the law lab are five to six years old. The Law School, according to Plotkin, would like to reduce the replacement cycle to three years in the future. However, a more permanent solution to the most pressing

problem, which is the small size of the computer lab and its double identity as an interviewing facility, will most likely have to wait until the completion of Law School's new building on the corner of Monroe and State. This development is still many years away, and will not happen until many years after current students graduate.

Space, according to Dean Lehman, is very much at a premium in the MLS these days, and there is simply nowhere to put a large number of new computers. Areas that may seem perfect for this purpose, such as the Library Reading Room, the Snack Bar (recently renovated!), and the basement of the Lawyer's Club Lounge, are problematic for various reasons, including a lack of fire exits and wiring concerns. The Law School is in-

creasing the number of ethernet drops for laptop users throughout the school; obviously, however, this is of small consolation to those students who rely on paper and pencil to take notes in class.

In the meantime, students will have to grit their teeth and put up with the inconvenience. For those students who have a little extra time, the undergrad computer centers across campus are open to law student use, and those facilities are equipped with either Pentium 90s running Windows NT, or Macintosh 120s running OS 8. The closest centers to the Law Quad are in the basement of the Union, the third floor of the School of Education Building (on East University), and the Fishbowl (located in the center of the Mason-Angell-Haven Hall multiplex).



The Studies of LL-LL (Legal Lad™ 2-L)

By Matt Carlin, 2-L


The Interview

Chapter 2: PRIORI-TIES
(OR I DIDN'T HAVE TIME
TO DRAW AN ENTIRE STRIP)

Learned Fin,
fetch me a
tie that
matches this
suit, but isn't
too loud.

Legal Lad's To-Do List

- Press Clothes ✓
- Prep for Interviews ✓
- Interviews
- Pray
- Research next bunch of firms
- Seek out injustice in the Law School
- JLR Cite Checking
- LLSA "X"-Board Meeting
- Work Out at CCRB
- Call Mom
- Read
- Go to class
- Work on JLR Note



To Be Continued...in Room 200

I'm a lunch box and a side-kick already. Now I'm a fashion consultant! I wonder if Robin ever had to put up with Batman going through interview season.

—Matt Carlin

Layout created on an Apple Macintosh® Computer

Comments? email: ghola@umich.edu

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LARRY'S WORLD

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tem. And I am doing my part — enrolled in a fall course where I am working to release the prisoners I helped put in jail over the summer.

INTERVIEW REVIEW :

"Wow, you really cleaned-up well
... " — Hutchins Hall Administrative Assistant

First, before your interviewer has a chance to catch you off guard, in a firm and business like manner, demand the interviewer show you a picture ID. If they are from out of town, question them about their sincerity to stay in Ann Arbor, "or are you here to eat at our fancy restaurants, and then just blow out of town?" The interviewer might act surprised, offended, or may even try to sucker punch you. Don't let this shake your confidence. If the interviewer gets nasty, bang your fists on the table. If s/he throws a punch at you, put 'em in a headlock. You can be sure everyone at the home office will hear about you. And you will be flyyyyyyyyyyinnnnnn (back).

Q: I see you worked at Koffin, Upp, Bougeres & Phlemn over the summer?

A: Yes. I did everything: stapled, filed, paper clipped, made copies . . .

Comment: You want one of those high-paying jobs? Start lying.

Q: Did you do any actual legal work?

A: Oh, they were all legal documents.

Comment: Slightly better.

Q: What do you see yourself doing in five years?

A: Sitting back, making partner, and goofing-off while I double-bill my time.

Comment: If it's a New York firm, grab the interviewer by the collar, and then give your answer.

Q: If you could choose, what kind of road-kill would you be?

A: (a) Opossum. (b) Squirrel. (c) Deer.

Comment: Answer (a). Should be self-evident, lovely animal, but they're slow and dumb as a stick. (b) A squirrel? This is a giant, prestigious law firm, c'mon. Correct Answer is (c) a deer. Yessssssssss. This shows vindictiveness, a vengeful spirit. You may be dead and gone, but you took a few folks with you. Ever hit a deer at 65 miles an hour? Of

course not, or you wouldn't be reading this.

Q: What most interests you about our law firm?

A: I heard you can goof-off once you make partner.

Comment: Good answer! Repetitive? Perhaps, but this shows an alert and savvy interviewer that you have a consistent, thought out scheme/theme. Start adding up those bonus miles.

Q: How come you picked our firm to interview with?

A: My choices one through five were rejected by the career services computer.

Comment: If the interviewer asks this question, the best approach is to pretend you didn't hear the question, and give an answer to a question you would prefer the interviewer had asked. Remember, take control! If the interviewer is persistent and the little bugger keeps asking the question, try the following: I heard you're a great place to get training before moving on to a real firm.

Whatever you do, don't be boring. The only thing worse than boring, is if you vomit on the interviewer. Good luck!

B & B's BS

Room 200 Q&A

Interviewer Question	2L Response	3L w/o Offer Response	3L w/ Offer Response
<i>What interests you about our firm?</i>	I have read all the opinions in cases your firm was involved in and I believe you are doing socially important work that interests me personally.	I heard you were looking for more than just grades.	I heard there was a good deli in the basement of your building.
<i>How have your grades been in law school?</i>	My g.p.a. is 3.2547685324.	Career Services said you weren't supposed to ask about grades.	If you really want to talk about numbers, let's talk signing bonus.
<i>What is your connection to our city?</i>	My great aunt lives there.	I was adopted and my birth parents are from there.	The editors of Golf Digest highly recommended the region.
<i>Are there any questions you would like to ask me?</i>	What is the summer program like?	Would you put in a good word for me if I told you that you could have my signing bonus?	Is the weather mild enough to grow pot outdoors, or should I build a greenhouse?
<i>Have you taken any classes from J.J. White?</i>	No, I wanted to dedicate a lot of time to his course so I felt it would be best not to take him while I'm interviewing.	Yes, but I don't think my grade in his class fully reflects my aptitude.	I wouldn't sign up for an 8:00 a.m. class if Learned Hand woke me up each morning, Oliver Wendall Holmes cooked me breakfast, Chief Justice Marshall drove me to class, and Blackstone was the professor.
<i>If you could be any vegetable, what vegetable would you be?</i>	I'm sorry, could you repeat the question?	Career Services told me I don't have to answer questions like that.	A fourteen-inch zucchini.
<i>What kind of law do you want to practice?</i>	I'm seriously considering either litigation or transactional work.	I would be happy doing anything, even trusts and estates work.	I can do it all. Which department gets out on the links most?
<i>What exactly does a Contributing Editor do on your journal?</i>	Actually, I'm an Associate Editor. I cite check.	Personally, I work very closely with the Editor-in-Chief.	Hide from the real editors.
<i>Did you get an offer from last summer's employer?</i>	Well, it was a non-paying public service job, and I was hoping to work for a firm this summer.	No. (whimper, whimper)	Yes, and if you don't offer me more money in the next five minutes, I'm going to the driving range.
<i>What do you feel you can bring to our firm?</i>	I think I will be a very hard-working, dedicated, and talented lawyer.	Coffee and doughnuts each morning if you think it'll help me get the job.	Well, I'm a little shaky off the tee, but I putt fairly well and I'm always good for a few big shots in a four-man scramble.

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